The Southern Herald.

VOL. XXXVI. LIBERTY, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1901. NO. 32.

FARM LULLABY.

When through the dusk the firefly goes,
My little boy, my little boy,
What is the song my baby knows?
My little, little boy.
It is the song his mother sings
When wood-birds fold their tiny wings,
And night her gentle welcome brings;
My little, little boy.

So much hath charmed thy feet away,
My little boy, my little boy,
Indoors and out, the livelong day,
My little, little boy.
But while the night broods on the farm,
And fled is every daylight charm,
How calmly rests, on mother's arm,
My little, little boy.

No sound nor sigh on vale or hill,
My little boy, my little boy,
And all the flocks are housed and still,
My little, little boy.
I wonder where thy dreams take flight,
Dream on, my dear, till morning light,
Thy mother watches thee—good-night,
My little, little boy.
—Frank Walcott Hutt, in Good Housekeeping.

AN EDUCATED FOOL.

"Brown's a fool. He might have won first money if he'd listened to his jockey, instead of trusting to his own judgment. Those educated fellows don't know it all, if they have got so much book learning. I have always noticed that men who understand horse nature usually understand human nature pretty well. I've dealt in horseflesh all my life, and I've never made a mistake yet in my estimate of either man or beast."

The speaker sat leaning back in an armchair on the veranda of the hotel of which he was proprietor, surrounded by a group of horsemen who had just returned from the races, and who, full of its excitements, were discussing the merits and demerits of the various horses, and their owners and jockeys as well.

Being a successful owner in horseflesh himself, DeGolyer naturally gathered about him men of like tastes, habits and interests.

"There goes another educated fool. That young chap of a minister has got one of the best colts in the country, and don't seem to know it. I've had my eye on her for some time."

His listeners all turned to look at the colt.

"By Jove! If the fool hasn't driven her plumb into the fence! Saying his prayers, I suppose, and forgot that he was driving a valuable colt."

A roar of laughter followed this remark just as the colt backed, reared, plunged, backed again, broke the harness and turned the minister out, fortunately unhurt.

All this looked bad for the speculator's estimate of a good horse, but DeGolyer's wit was equal to the occasion, and in order to show that his faith was still undaunted, he said: "After such a fracas as that is a good time to stump the young chap for a trade," and he ran across the road to the minister's assistance, followed by his son George, who had been a silent listener to his father's remarks, which he well understood had been as much for his benefit as for the entertainment of the group.

"What in the deuce did you let that colt run up against the fence for?" said the trader. "You'll spoil her."

"I don't seem to be able to manage her."

"Likely you don't drive her enough."

"I don't have time."

"Then you'd better sell her before she's spoiled, and you get your neck broken, if you don't know how to manage better than that."

"I suppose I might as well; I don't need her."

"What do you hold her at?"

"I couldn't say what she is worth."

DeGolyer usually assumed an attitude of great indifference whenever he wanted to buy or trade a horse, but he thought it best to change his tactics this time, for were not the men on the veranda watching the progress of the "stump?"

"Well, you know how much you gave for her, don't you; how much her keep's cost, and about how much will make you even or more?"

"She was a present from my father," answered the minister, with exasperating indifference.

"How old do you reckon her?"

"By looking her well over. I suppose you can tell about that as well as I can."

"Well, well; I mean her exact age."

"Just four this month."

"How would you like to trade her for a watch?"

"I don't know. I can get along very well without her. I'm not as good a horseman as my father, and he told me to sell her if I found I couldn't manage her all right," answered the minister, hesitatingly. "I need a watch, and it don't cost to keep it, and it does a horse."

"Well, look at this watch; I gave $150 for it, and they say it is first-class. You can take it to the jeweler, who hangs his sign out just in front of the park, and ask his opinion."

"If it suits me I'll take your word for it," replied the minister, very quietly, as he examined the timepiece.

"I'd rather you wouldn't. I may not be as good a judge of a watch as I am of a horse. Better ask the jeweler."

"Very well. As I don't know anyone who is a better judge of a horse than yourself to refer to, you will have to take the colt on your own judgment, not mine. I don't know any fault in her other than the one you have seen, and you lay that to my bad management of her."

"I'll risk that. I'll soon take that all out of her, and come around and give you a drive. That is, if it's a trade."

"If you say so it is."

"Then I might as well take her right over to the hotel with me. I'll send my men to take your broken carriage home for you."

"All right, thank you."

The minister put the watch into his pocket and walked calmly down the street, while the speculator took a line from the broken harness, fastened it around the neck of the colt and led her in triumph up in front of the watching group, saying:

"I traded the chap a watch for her, and he didn't even mention anything to boot, and, of course, I didn't suggest it. I wouldn't sell her for three times what I gave for her. All for a $150 watch! That's just the way those Greek and Latin chaps let good bargains slip through their fingers. They don't seem to have any business gumption about them."

This was said with a significant look at his son. He had closely watched the whole transaction, and for his own reasons, bitterly regretted the lack of business ability shown by the minister. He felt that it would be another argument used against the fulfillment of his cherished hope—that of entering college and qualifying himself for a profession—of which his father did not approve.

Some time after, when George had made one more and a final appeal to his father in vain, he decided to resign himself to fate, for the time being, and took his books and started for the academy, while his father went out to again try the new colt.

George had scarcely reached the park when his father came driving down the road at full speed, and to his surprise the boy saw the colt turn suddenly and run plump into the fence, then back, rear, plunge, back again, capsize the carriage and throw the speculator out—all before either had time to think—and then stand as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"Hello, father, I thought you were going to take that all out of her! Has the minister 'lifted' you?"

"Hold your tongue and go on to school or you'll get lifted over the fence!"

The young minister, having just entered the jeweler's, stood looking out of the window, when he suddenly remembered that he had more important business in another place. His face wore neither smile nor frown as he hurried out of a back door and walked rapidly down another street.

On the following Sunday morning Mrs. DeGolyer could not have been more astonished if a bomb had been cast into the room where she sat at breakfast than she was by the announcement of her husband that he intended to accompany her to church that very morning.

As horse trading was such an everyday affair at the hotel, Mrs. DeGolyer had not happened to hear of her husband's trade with the minister. The whole town had heard, however, and it was a subject of much discussion and considerable diversity of opinion.

But as she sat in church she wondered why her husband watched the minister so closely, and why the minister kept casting such furtive glances at her husband; and why George, who sat just opposite them, in the class, had such a very queer expression on his face; and why his father seemed to wince. She was never to know, for both husband and son kept their own counsel.

She noticed that the young minister took from his pocket a watch which she thought she recognized, and that, opening it, he placed it beside the closed Bible.

He announced that he had been requested to address a class of young men just graduating from the academy. It would be necessary, of course, to forego his usual sermon, and confine his remraks chiefly to them. He would begin, then, he continued, with the advice given of old: "Be not wise in your own conceit," as being particularly appropriate to a class of young men.

"One of his age, and, therefore, of limited experience, would not presume to address the older members on such a subject as this," and he glanced furtively at the speculator; "but to the young men present he would say that, during his college days, he had noticed that conceit was a characteristic which predominated to a greater extent than any other, and had, he thought, proved a stumbling block to many."

He admonished them to guard against this too-prevalent young man fault, lest many should find themselves richer in experience than in substance. (George looked over at his father and smiled.)

"But," he added, "there were four classes of men, old as well as young, to whom he would call their attention. They were well classified in four Arabian proverbs, which were to this effect: 'He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is stupid; shun him.' 'He that knows not, and knows that he knows not, is good; teach him.' 'He that knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; arouse him.' 'He that knows, and knows that he knows, is wise; follow him.'" And his glance fell on the speculator.

As the congregation dispersed, Mrs. DeGolyer noticed that all eyes seemed to be upon them, and thinking it was owing to her husband's unusual presence there, she felt as "bashful" as when, 30 years before, leaning on the arm of the handsome man beside her, she had walked out of that church a happy bride.

Yes, he was very serious, but he was thinking of an entirely different matter. He had gone to church with the sole purpose of studying the man in his pulpit who could "beat" him so cleverly with his own weapons on fair ground.

On reaching home he threw himself on the couch and thought over the whole transaction of his trade with the minister, of every word the minister had said, and just how he looked when saying it.

"He couldn't manage the horse." Yes, he guessed he couldn't nor anybody else.

"He couldn't say what she was worth." Wasn't that cunning, not to put a price on her?

"His father told him he'd better sell her." Excellent advice that.

"Then it didn't cost to keep a watch, and it did a horse." What a plausible reason for him to be willing to trade. And then he was so cool, so hesitating, so indifferent. Just my own tricks.

"He knew of no fault in her other than the one I saw. That I had laid to his driving." Wasn't that slick? That one fault was enough.

"Then he said he'd take the watch on my word, and, as he knew of no one better than myself to refer to, I'd have to take the horse on my own judgment—very flattering that—and it was a trade if I said so."

His cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of his son, who wore the same insinuating expression as when in church.

"Hello, father! Don't you think we've got a very clever minister?"

"Yes, my son, very clever. Very clever, indeed."

"Say, father, don't you think you had better change your mind about my going to college?"

"Yes, George, yes."

"Hadn't I better take some preparatory lessons of the minister?"

"By all means."

"Father, which do you think I had better learn first, Greek and Latin, or how to trade a horse?"

"Both, my son," answered his father, wincing.

George went to college, and it might be remarked that, although the speculator had been offered three times what he had given for the colt, for reasons best known to himself, he preferred to send her to his stock farm, and she was never seen on those village streets again.

Of course, under the circumstances, the minister never got the promised drive, and strange as it may seem, though he and DeGolyer became the best of friends, neither ever referred to it, or to the trade.

But whether the young minister did understand both man and beast, or traded better than he knew, still puzzles the speculator.—Boston Globe.

Accidents in June.

A Paris sporting paper keeps up its statistics designed to show the rarity of catastrophes resulting from automobiling. It states that during the month of June 46 persons were killed and 774 injured by wagon accidents; 18 killed and 228 injured by railways; four killed and 124 injured by bicycles and only six killed and 60 injured by automobiles.

Problem of Early Penmaking.

With the early penmakers the problem of a point was the most serious, and a long time elapsed before it was definitely solved.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Incident Showing Character of Things That Mould Opinion.

"Did it ever occur to you," said a local observer, "that every opinion must have a beginning? I mean this: You have a decided belief on any given point, and say to yourself: 'I have always thought so and so,' or 'I can't remember when I did not believe this and that,' but, as a matter of fact, if you go back to the beginning you will find that your impression hesitated like a drop of water on the top of Mount Furka, wavering before deciding whether to run down one side of the mountain into the Rhine or down the other into the Rhone. In the case of the water the chance pebble decides one way or the other, but once the raindrop is rushing down its mountain torrent bed it forgets its hesitation and is willing to swear it never had an idea of pursuing any other route. So it is with ideas, as I saw neatly demonstrated a few days ago in a street car. It was one of the old-fashioned, side-seated affairs and was comfortably filled. We had gone a considerable distance when a man in a corner jumped up and declared he had been carried past his corner, though he had warned the conductor to put him off at Buffalo avenue or some other street. The conductor denied all knowledge of any such request, and when the man swore he would ride to the end of the line and come back without paying another fare, the official "'lowed' the gent would pay or get off. The passenger then took out his notebook and asked the address of the gentleman next to him, and the conductor responded by taking down the name and residence of the person vis-a-vis, and in a few minutes all the passengers on the car had been inscribed for or against the kicker. Now is where the curiousness of the affair begins. It is doubtful if anyone in the car really knew the first thing about the right or wrong of the case, but the mere fact of inscription in one or other of those memorandum books turned the current of their beliefs. Those who had gone down in the conductor's book began to talk of boars in public places, while the men inscribed to the credit of the passenger denounced corporate aggression, and by the time I reached my corner little was needed to set the two factions by the ears, and I have no doubt there was some tall and lofty swearing done when the matter came up for investigation.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

SIGNS ON WAGON ROOFS.

Modern Wrinkle That Has Come in with Flat Buildings.

"When flats began to multiply," said a man who lives in one and so, naturally, takes notice of things associated with them, the owners of delivery wagons and so on began having signs painted on the roofs of their wagons, to catch the eye of those who dwelt in homes above the street level. They painted these signs first with the name one letter under the other, like a spine, straight down the middle of the wagon top from end to end. Sometimes they painted the name in the same location, but with the letters arranged in the ordinary way, this making a sign that could be easily read from one side of the street only. Then they took to painting the name on the wagon roof in two places along either side of the top, near the edge. Thus painted, one or the other, of course, could easily be read from either side of the street.

"In wagon roof lettering the latest thing I have seen was on top of a moving van, whose entire roof was covered with lettering, in lines placed crosswise to the top and beginning at the forward end and running, line under line, clean back to the rear end, so that the van's extensive roof as you looked down upon it, was lettered like a great poster. And, of course, this was not done idly, for the van is a vehicle that may stand backed up for an hour or two in front of a house, and the poster on its roof is then brought where it can be easily read by everybody in the air along that side of the street anyway."—N. Y. Sun.

A Morbid Fad.

Mr. Evans, an extraordinary character, who recently died in Carmarthenshire, Wales, devoted his life to witnessing hangings, making the acquaintance of executioners, and collecting relics of murderers. In the early days of public hangings he would travel any distance to see a man "turned off." He was so fascinated by the business that on the death of Calcraft he applied for his post. As this was not granted, he set up a gallows in his own house and invited his friends to test the noose.—Buffalo Commercial.

KING CARED FOR THE COW.

How Victor Emmanuel of Italy Served One of His Own Subjects.

King Victor and the queen of Italy were walking a few days ago near the Chateau de Racconigi, and, the afternoon being warm, her majesty became thirsty, and said she would like to get a glass of milk or water somewhere.

An old woman was taking care of a cow near by, and the king went and asked her for a little milk. Fancying that the young man was an ordinary tourist, the old peasant answered that her cow had no milk.

"But you have some water at home?" asked the king.

"Of course, I have," was the reply.

"Will you be good enough to fetch me some?" continued the king.

"Yes, if you will take care of my cow until I come back," answered the old woman.

"All right," said Victor Emmanuel, and from that moment he kept his eyes on the cow.

Ten minutes later, says the New York Herald, the old woman came back with a bowl of fresh water.

"How is it," asked the king, "that there are so few people here to-day?"

"Because they have all gone to the chateau to see the king, queen and little princess," was the reply. "Only old women like me have been left at home, and so we'll never have the luck to see the king and his family."

"You are mistaken, my good woman," answered the king, as he handed her a new gold piece. "I am the king, and this lady is the queen."

For some moments the old peasant woman was so surprised that she could not speak; then, in a faltering voice, she cried:

"Pardon me, your majesty, but I really had no notion that you were the king."

The royal couple tried hard to calm her, and at length succeeded, but even as they were strolling away she was still reproaching herself, and saying over and over again:

"How crazy I must have been to ask the king to take care of my cow!"

BEGIN WITH "SP."

A Curious Fact Regarding Words with Spiteful Meanings.

Has anyone ever noticed how many words that denote violent action begin, not with "fl," but with "sp." Sarah Grand's favorite words like spank, spark, spasm, speed, spill, spin, spit, split, splinter, and splutter, spring, spurn and spurt all begin with these mysterious two letters, while spears, spurs and spikes, if not violent in themselves, generally conduce to nearly as many violent actions in others as their neighbor, spite.

Is it possible that the effort necessary for pronouncing effectively words beginning with this diphthong in itself suggested the idea of violence? If so, it can only be to English ears, for Italians and Spaniards manage to lisp out "sp's" prettily enough.

While on the subject of words, it may be noticed that a new word to describe a gentleman who is, if anything, over-careful of his appearance is a felt want. Coxcombs, bucks, macaronis, swells, mashers, and dudes have all had their day, and the two last names are now hardly, if ever, heard.

Yet the new word, when it comes, must not have any contemptuous signification as have fop or toff, but must be an epithet such as a self-respecting man would receive in the spirit of Lord Foppington, who, when styled the prince of coxcombs, replied that he was "proud to be at the head of so prevailing a party."

The French some time ago found the exact word wanted in "vingtieme," which seems to have quite replaced the "incroyables," "muscadins," "petits creves" and "gommeux" of the past.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Negro Settlements.

A promising movement has been started in Virginia for the benefit of the negro population. The idea originated with Dr. R. E. Jones, of Richmond, and several prominent and wealthy negroes are associated with him. The first of the proposed settlements will be established near Richmond. Plots of ten acres each will be laid off, and upon each will be erected a four-roomed log cabin of antique style. These plots will be sold on easy installment plans to negroes anxious to better themselves. They will be given practical and systematic instruction in farming, an experienced expert from the institute at Hampton being engaged as instructor.

Variety.

Life offers no greater variety than to a girl named Jane; she can change her name to Jean, Jennie, Janet, Jeannette, and then some.—Atchison Globe.

BUILDINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Average Cost Is Greater This Year Than Last.

Exclusive of schoolhouses and work upon the city hall, says the Philadelphia Press, the city has spent $112,670 during the current year, to date, for the erection of municipal buildings, such as police and fire stations and public baths, five such structures having been erected. In comparison with the corresponding period of last year this is a modest total, the amount for the first eight months of 1900 having been $248,450 for 16 buildings. The average cost per building is considerably greater this year, however, being $22,534, in comparison with $15,528.12½ last year.

Of the structures erected this year one, a police station, costing $40,000, is located in the Tenth ward; another of the same character, costing $26,800, is located in the Twenty-second ward; another, costing $7,550, in the Twenty-fifth ward, and the fifth, a bathhouse, costing $9,000, in the Thirty-first ward.

Plans for three new buildings, to cost a total of $84,000, for the Philadelphia hospital, are now under revision, and plans are in preparation for a bathhouse to cost about $15,000, which is to be built in the Twentieth ward, and for a patrol station, to cost about $5,000, in the Fifteenth ward. These will likely be under contract before the end of the year.

The total number built during 1900 was 17, at a cost of $322,450. Of these a fire station, costing $18,000, is located in the Fifteenth ward, two, a storage building and a fire station, costing a total of $24,000, in the Twentieth ward; a pumping station, costing $74,000, in the Twenty-fourth ward; four police, fire and patrol stations, costing $90,000, in the Twenty-sixth ward; four, costing $43,900, in the Twenty-eighth ward, two being police and patrol stations, costing a total of $40,000, one a laundry costing $1,800 and one a hospital building, costing $2,100, both for the municipal hospital; a patrol house, costing $10,000, in the Thirty-second ward; a bath house, costing $7,500, in the Thirty-third ward; a fire station, costing $6,300, in the Thirty-fifth ward, and two fire stations, costing $19,000 and $23,750 respectively, in the Thirty-seventh ward.

Seven buildings, four fire stations, two police stations and one public bath, costing a total of $129,300, were erected during the year of 1899; only two, a fire house, costing $14,000, and a bath house, $8,500, were built in 1898; none at all were erected during 1897, and four, two bath houses, costing $25,000, a combination fire and police station, costing $30,000, and a fire station, costing $14,000, were built during the year 1896, previous to which the bureau of building inspection has no accurate records.

REVOLUTIONS.

Are Nothing to Make a Noise Over in Spanish America.

"Speaking about revolutions," said the Philadelphia speculator, to a Boston Globe reporter, "I had a little whirl at one a few years ago in my sleep.

"I was in San Salvador to secure a concession from the government, and I left the president one night at ten o'clock, after we had eaten and drunk and smoked and agreed that the papers should be signed at nine o'clock next morning. I went to bed to sleep like a top, and at the hour named I showed up at the palace.

"Instead of meeting the president, I walked in on a chap I had never seen before, and he rose and politely exclaimed:

"'It is all right, senor. At midnight last night the president was bounced out and I was bounced in.'

"'But I heard no rumpus,' I said.

"'Oh, no! We just killed him quietly and established the new government. What can I do for the Senor Americano?'

"It had been a revolution with only one man killed and hardly a sleeper aroused," said the speculator, "and when I spoke of it in a complaining way to the landlord of the inn he replied:

"'Oh, well, why make a fuss and wake up the children over these trifles?'"

Protection Against Burglars.

Pretty servant girls are considered a protection against burglars in London. One of them in a house attracts policemen, and they drop in so frequently to inquire regarding the health of the beauty that cautious burglars avoid such residences.

A Hard Knot.

It's a hard matrimonial knot that the divorce judge can't untie.—Chicago Daily News.

THE HANOVER TREASURE.

Story of the Duke of Cumberland's Royal Fortune.

The story of the duke of Cumberland's fortune has been just related by Herr von Hassel, says London Truth. His father, George V., had a narrow escape of finding himself both kingdomless and penniless. The state treasures of Hanover were only placed in safety a few hours before Prussia declared war on the excellent blind king. The person who saved the financial part was Herr Klenck, chief secretary of the exchequer. He had to remove 720,000 thalers in silver, 39,000 crowns in gold, worth about 30 shillings each; £54,000 in English bank notes, £36,000 in Prussian thalers, £250,000 in Hanover bank notes, and £19,000,000 worth of English, Dutch, French and other government bonds. The gold crowns in ten chests, the Hanover bank were packed in 79 wine tubs, the bonds notes in bales, and the thalers in crates lined with tin. This variety in the packing was to prevent notice being taken at the railway or the port of embarkation, where Prussian agents were reported as on the lookout. These barrels and bales were taken by an ordinary goods train to an outlying station, and then rapidly shifted to a special train that was to go at full speed to Geestemunde. It started at 11:30 p. m., on June 15, 1866. But they had forgotten to order station masters to keep the line lighted, and the enginemen had to creep along in momentary fear of an accident. The train was late for the steamer that was to take the treasure to England. The risk of taking it on board a Lloyd's steamer, the Bremen, had to be run on the night of June 17. Klenck grew gray in the two days of suspense. Prussian men-of-war were hanging about near the mouth of the Elbe. The Bremen entered Southampton on June 19, and did not sight a single Prussian vessel on the way.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYE.

Former Soon Learns to Know Whom He Can Trust.

Every employer appreciates faithfulness and reliability, and soon learns to know those whom he can trust and those he cannot. No matter whether he has seen a clerk shirk his duties or not, if he is a shirker he instinctively feels it. This is perfectly natural, and in keeping with the manner in which we estimate those with whom we come in daily contact. There are many who, though they may not lie to or deceive us, yet, because they habitually do these things, we instinctively distrust them. Something tells us that they are not quite reliable. In the same way, an employer reads the character of his employes. He knows those who will shirk, when they get an opportunity; he can pick out those who will work while they feel they are being observed, but who will dawdle when the master's eye is not upon them, and are not absolutely reliable. A laborer who will not, under any circumstances, neglect his work, who is faithful to his duty, whether his employer is around or not, is always appreciated. Absolute reliability in an employe is indispensable, if he expects to advance. No employer likes to be surrounded with those in whom he lacks confidence. He wants to feel that, whether he is present or absent, the work will go on just the same; that, if anything, his assistants will try to be more faithful when he is away.—John E. Hewer, in Success.

DOING THE CHORES.

A Valuable Part in the Education of Every Man.

Those terrible chores! Most boys, especially country boys, dread to do chores. They look upon them as a nuisance which interferes with their fun—as disagreeable tasks to be gotten rid of as quickly as possible.

As a matter of fact, however, nearly everything which a country boy is called upon to do is preparing him for a healthy and wholesome success in the future. The variety of his work, which is nearly always out of doors, develops the different faculties, teaches regular habits and tends to build up a robust constitution. In after life, the man will find that the stamina and force, which enable him to undertake and accomplish great things, are largely results of the discipline of doing chores when he was a boy.—Success.

Curfew at Both Ends.

There is a small English village of the name of Allesley where the church bell is rung at five o'clock every morning in summer and at six o'clock in winter, in order to arouse sleeping lie-a-beds and enable them to start work in good time. The curfew bell is also tolled at eight o'clock each evening.